

Pain Staking

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Category: NCIS: New Orleans

Language: English

Characters: C. LaSalle, D. Pride, L. Wade

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-14 03:57:32

Updated: 2016-04-14 03:57:32

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:22:59

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,066

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: This is sort of an alternate part of "How Much Pain Can You Take" Too much information will give away the plot. The scene I wish would have happened, in a way. Set before the DA comes in and gives them the bad news that 'Baitfish' may get away with murder, literally.

## Pain Staking

"Pain Staking"

Chris followed Loretta into her office. "King said you wanted to see me."

Loretta shut the door. "I recommend you sit down."

"I'm fine. What's wrong?"

Loretta handed Chris a piece of paper. "Read that and tell me what you see."

Chris concentrated for a moment on the document. It was labs and blood work done during Savannah's autopsy. "Savanna was.. "Chris choked on his words. "Pregnant?"

Loretta nodded. "Yes. Around three to four weeks. And before you ask, I ran DNA and the baby was yours."

"You think she knew?"

"She probably suspected. She would have been having the symptoms."

Chris swallowed. "Does King have this?"

Loretta shook her head. "No. He hasn't seen it, yet. I won't give him the report until you do."

"What about her dad?"

"I thought that might be better coming from you."

"How am I supposed to tell him?"

"I don't know, but he does need to know."

"I don't think I can do it." Chris gestured toward the window. "Look at him. It's all my fault that his only daughter is dead and now I have to tell him that his grandchild is dead, too? That will send him over the edge. He'll hate me even more."

"Christopher, I can give you advice but I can't force you to take it. I think you should tell him and it should be sooner rather than later. He'll find out some other way."

"Maybe you can come with me?"

"I'll stand by you, but it's your responsibility. You and Savannah made that child together."

"I know. I just have one more question."

"It was too early to tell, but I did a chromosome analysis. It was an eighty percent chance it was a girl."

One hour later

Chris walked into the squad room. "King, can I talk to you in private?"

"Sure, Christopher," Pride replied, getting up from his chair. "Let's go up to the conference room."

Chris followed Pride up the stairs. Pride opened the door. Chris walked in and Pride shut the door behind him. Chris leaned up against the window. He stared at the floor as he spoke. "I screwed up." He looked up to wait for his boss' reaction.

"Ok," Pride said slowly. "You want to talk about it?"

"Savannah wasâ€¦" Chris stopped.

Pride put a hand on Chris' shoulder. "It's okay."

"No it's not! It wasn't supposed to happen this way. None of this was supposed to happen!"

"I am not sure what to say."

"Tell me it's a dream. Tell me I'm going to wake up tomorrow and this will have all been a terrible nightmare."

Pride shook his head. "I can't tell you that."

"I'm gonna kill him, King. I'm gonna put a bullet right through his head."

"What would that solve? What would you prove by killing him?"

"I don't know but It's what I feel like doing."

"You suffered a great loss. You found out you lost two that you love. Not just one. I wish I could say something to make it better."

"She was probably going to tell me last night."

"Maybe."

"Cade went with me a couple days ago to look at rings. I promised him he could be my best man." Chris shook his head to keep the tears at bay. "Ten minutes, King. Ten minutes would have been the difference between losing them and keeping them."

"You don't know that. Baitfish was sending me a message. It could have very well been you laying there."

"At least the mother of my child would be alive. My daughter's life wouldn't have been snuffed out before it began. I could have killed him before he got to them."

"Happily ever after?"

Chris nodded. "Now, because of him, I have to live without both of them."

"And we'll bring him to justice. He'll be in prison for the rest of his life. That's the job we have to do right now."

Chris shook his head. "He doesn't deserve to live."

"This may sound heartless, Christopher but you're not the only one who lost someone. There were two police officers killed last night. He's got bodies all over this city and families to go with them. Our job is justice for them, not revenge."

"So he sits in prison, alive. Savannah and all the other deserve justice, but that's not it."

"He'll be in max security. Behind closed doors with no contact with the outside world. Solitary confinement means no visitors."

"Not good enough."

"It's not your call, Christopher. It's not mine, either." Pride looked Chris in the eyes. "Taking matters into your own hands isn't the right call, either."

"Can I be alone for a while?"

"Yeah, if that's what you want." Pride held out his hand. "Give me your weapon."

Chris was taken aback. "King."

"Chris you either hand it to me or I stay."

Chris pulled his gun out of the holster at the small of his back.

"You know me better than that." He placed the weapon in Pride's hand."

"I'll lock it in my cabinet with mine until you need it."

"One more thing."

"I won't tell anyone."

"Thanks."

Pride's phone rang as he began walking down the stairs. "Hey, Loretta."

"Did he tell you?"

"Yeah. I think he figured out I already knew." Pride opened the top drawer of his file cabinet and placed Chris' gun next to his. "Why'd you tell him that I didn't know?"

"To save his pride. Do me a favor and don't let him out of your sight."

"I won't, Loretta."

"How are you holding up?"

"I'm okay. The last twelve hours have been a whirlwind. I have a feeling it's only just begun."

"I agree."

"It's not going to stop until Paul Jinks is behind bars or dead."

"The only thing Christopher is thinking about right now is revenge. He suffered a big loss. Don't let him act on it Dwayne. He has no idea where it will lead."

"I've been there, Loretta. I'll keep an eye on him."

"I know you will."

End  
file.